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rows, or food and drink, of the dead man. It is not only probable that uncivilized men would thus extend the doctrine of souls, since the same interpretation of shadows and of the things seen in dreams would apply to inanimate objects as to persons ; but we have abundant evidence that the doctrine has been thus extended. Fijis and other contemporary savages, when questioned, expressly declare that the spear and the axe are as immortal as their owner ; and thus we see the meaning of the offerings of food, ornaments, weapons, and money, which, in all countries, have been presented at the shrines of departed heroes. At a later stage, after surviving the phase of culture in which they originated, such offerings become mere memorials of affection or esteem for the dead man ; but at the outset they were presented in the belief that their ghosts would be eaten or otherwise employed by the ghost of the dead man. Now when this theory of object-souls is expanded into a general doctrine of spirits, the philosophic scheme of animism is completed. Once habituated to the conception of souls of knives and tobacco-pipes passing to the land of ghosts, the savage cannot avoid carrying the interpretation still further, so that wind and water, fire and storm, are accredited with indwelling spirits akin by nature to the soul which inhabits the human frame.

Scanty justice can be done to Mr. Tylor's admirable discussion of animism in a brief sketch, from which we are obliged to omit all concrete illustration. It is in the skill and sagacity with which such illustrations are introduced that one principal charm of Mr. Tylor's book consists. The author asks us to admit nothing on *a priori* evidence, for which irrefragable inductive proof cannot also be cited ; and at every step he halts to take his bearings, minutely scrutinizing the whole visible field. In tracking the wilderness of primeval speculation, he is a guide no less safe than delightful.

10.—*The Right One*. By MARIE SOPHIE SCHWARTZ. *Translated from the Swedish*. By SELMA BORG and MARIE A. BROWN. Boston : Lee and Shepard. 1871.

THERE must be some sense in the cry for a "larger sphere for woman," when two ladies who can read and write two languages can find no better employment for their time and talents than translating a book like the present. It is hard to see on what principle foreign novels are selected for the English reader ; certainly not usually for their merits, witness the so-called historical romances from the German

which have been so copiously turned out of late years. Their popularity being on the wane, the Swedish language has been resorted to. The result is no better in point of literary merit, but the novelty has not been without its effect. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is the simple principle which gives these books currency among the reading public.

The book now under consideration is no better and no worse than a hundred other novels of the year. It has, in the first place, the unpardonable fault of being stupid; and there is nothing either in delineation of character or in beauty of style to weigh against this deficiency. To any one whose time was of no value, there would be a certain interest in deciphering the pedigree of the characters, who are all somehow related to each other, but how probably no one but a chancery lawyer could make out. Dr. Johnson thought that "*Clarissa Harlowe*" would be more complete with an index; so we would suggest that to future editions of "*The Right One*" there be prefixed a table of descents. Notwithstanding, or perhaps because of, these intricate ties of kinship, no two of the persons of the story can agree together, and their quarrels soon become monotonous. Particularly the husband and wife, who are the most prominent characters, enact a series of disagreeable scenes which have not even the excuse of powerful writing for their continual obtrusion. Considering the miscellaneous company to which we are introduced, however, perfect harmony is not to be expected. Whether it be the practice of the Swedish aristocracy to consort confidentially with opera-singers and mulatto servants (who, of course, turn out to be near relations), we cannot say; but some phase of life, if any there be in that country, more like our own, would have been a more natural and pleasing subject for translation into English.

The peculiar villain of the story is a clergyman, and this appears to be a good stroke of art; for if it were not that more is expected of his cloth, he would seem about as amiable as most of those with whom he deals.

In fine, the plot is badly developed, and the incidents dismal to the last degree; but, on the other hand, the book will take up as many hours, if read conscientiously, as any of the size and price, and is morally harmless; which last are qualities of some virtue in novels, though not often made objects in the writing of them.